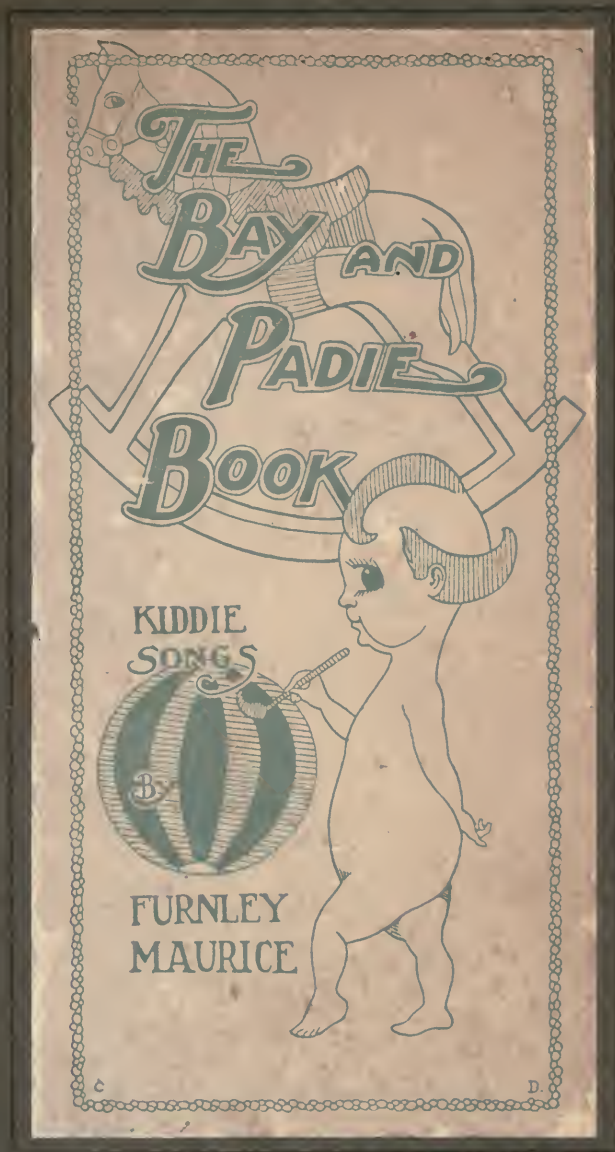


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“ Do you like ours 'n' father's new book, Bay? ”

“ Aw, there's not any picture of the Santa-cart
written in it ! ”

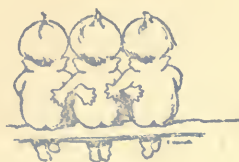


Oh!
What a lot of lots of things
For little boys to like!





So Bay doesn't stay in the stars any more



THE BAY AND PADIE BOOK



WHISPER!

When you're coming in the door
Please come gently, very gently!
Micky might be on the floor!
Fact, he might be anywhere!
Near the ballstand, by the stair!
Hush! step gently, very gently!
Whea you're coming in the door.



The Writer wishes to thank the Editor of "The Bulletin," Sydney, for permission to reprint "Nonsense Immortal," and the Editor of "The Triad," Sydney, for a similar courtesy regarding "Kitchen Lullaby" and "Little Boys."

The BAY AND PADIE BOOK

KIDDIE SONGS

By

FURNLEY MAURICE *pseud.*

Frank Leslie Thomson Wilmot

Illustrations by
VERA HAMILTON
and
CYRIL DOBBS

Commonwealth of Australia

Sydney J. Endacott

Melbourne

1917

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THE SHADOW SHOW

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

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TRAINS with wheels and clouds of smoke,
Funny crowds of dodging folk,
Trams that run along with sparks,
Sofa games and pillow larks,
Grubs and ponies, worms and tigers,
Sparrows on the tree,
Oh!

What a lot of lots of things
For little boys to see!

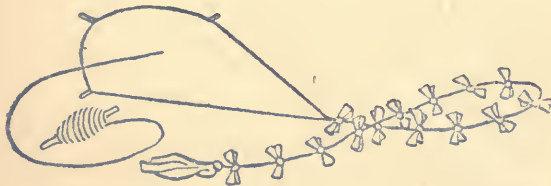


Aeroplanes and paper darts,
Woodmen driving broken carts,
Minahs on the chimney tops,
Swallows dodging near the shops,
Barking pups that make the postman
Fall down off his bike;
Oh!

What a lot of lots of things
For little boys to like!

Great big pictures in big books,
Pastry from the pastrycook's,
Circuses and Mentone sand,
Musics of the soldier band,
Chocolates wrapped in silver paper
So they won't get wet;
Oh!

What a lot of lots of things
For little boys to get!



WHISPER!

Tip-toe, Tip-toe, hush the noise,
There's a wide-eye-whisper tune;
Micky's making songs for boys;
Sleepy after the afternoon.

THE SOLDIER BAND



MY mother and my father are both having tea
to drink;

Inside the pastry shop they saw me last.
They don't know where I've got to, for I've
runned from where they think;

I heard the soldier band go marching past.

Oh, tiddley—om—ti—pomp they go! Stamp
soldier, stamp!

A cab-horse jumped into the air and bumped
against a lamp.

Ta—rah—ra—rah, the trumpets go telling the
boys to come,

And always and all the time, bang goes the drum.

Look at their lovely leather legs! The big brass
things they blow!

I don't care where I walk or who I meet,
I'm following the band away to where the musics
grow,

I'm hitting my boots heavy on the street.

For I must find the music man that lets them play
so loud,

And find the funny place where soldiers go
To fill their trumpets with the noise they blow
among the crowd—

It's not a tea and pastry shop I know.



WHISPER!

Anyone seen Micky here?

Him that lives above the ceiling.

Sometimes far and sometimes near,

Boys have heard his little squealing.

Oh, I must find the music place, and stamp along
the track,
And try to let no trams run over me;
If I'm a long, long way from home, the band will
play me back,
That's if I'm good and never spill my tea.

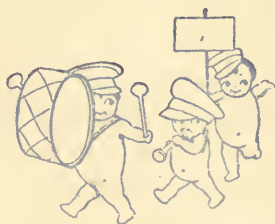
The
Bay
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When I grow up a soldier man, I'll buy a pole to
wag,
With silver top and tassels red and blue;
I'll tell my little brother to be carrying the flag,
While I call out and tell him how to do.



I don't know where my father is, I've left him in
a shop,
And if I'm lost there's bound to be a noise;
If fathers want their children, they should make
the policeman stop
The music of the bands that steal the boys.

Oh, tiddley—om—ti—pomp they go! Stamp,
soldier, stamp!
A captain with a silver sword is marching them
to camp.
Ta—rah—ra—rah, the trumpets go, telling the
boys to come,
And always and all the time, bang goes the drum.



WHISPER!

Hush, you, hush! I heard a patter
On the 'randah, in the wet!
Now 'n again, we've heard him chatter,
But we've never seen him yet.



INVALID

RAID, raid, go away,
Dote cub back udtill I say,
That wote be for beddy a day.

Ad wot's the good of sudlight, dow?
When I ab kept id bed,
Ad rubbed ad poultised for to cure
The cold that's id be head?

I've beed out od the kitched lawd,
With dothig od be feet,
Ad subthig's coffig id be deck
Ad all be head's a heat.

Tell Bay to dot bake such a doise;
Dote rud the cart so hard!
For tissudt fair, just wud of us
To rud arowd the yard.

Ad wed I try to say a tale,
Or sig a little sog,
The coffig cubs idtoo be deck
Ad tickles dredful strog.

Ad wed is father cubbig obe?
He'd dot be log he said—
If this is jist a cold it bust
Be awful to be dead!

Oh what a log, log day it is!
Ibe tired of blocks ad books;
I've cowted all the ceilig lides,
I've thought of sheep ad chooks.



I've drawd a bad's face with a bo,
I've drawed a pipe to sboke;
Just wed I thought I was asleep
I wedt ad thought I woke!

WHISPER!

Tip-toe, tip-toe, through the house,
'Round the pantry, down the hall.
P'raps he's only just a mouse;
P'raps he's nuffing real at all.

Wot's the good of sudlight dow,
 Ad wot's the good of raid?
 Ad wot's the good of eddythig
 Wed all your head's a paid?
 Raid, raid go away,
 Ad dote cub back uutil I say,
 Ad that wote be for beddy a day.

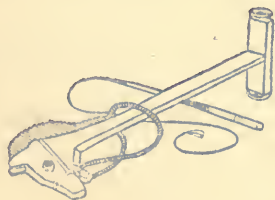
The
 Bay
 and
 Padie
 Book



WHOM THE GODS LOVE

*HE'S so chubby and happy and wonderful,
 Dainty and perfectly made,
 That when he kicks at the sunbeams there,
 Out on the grass in his cradle chair,
 Somehow I feel afraid.*

*We ought to hide him away, I think,
 Real beauty was always a bane,
 If the gods get to know of his baby wiles,
 Of his firm round limbs, or his magic smiles,
 They'll want him back again.*



WHISPER!

Hush, you! Hush! I think I hear
 Just a little noise of humming!
 If you see him waiting near
 Please don't whisper him we're coming!

LITTLE BOYS



THE roads go out to Macedon, the roads go out
to Rome,
Some die in snowy Buffaloes and some turn
home;

I've done the Alps and Apennines, and Naples
to the moon,

For fancies cover splendid ground in a Summer
afternoon.

And then I come to gloryland, and whom do I
see there

But little Boyo Browneyes and Billy Wirehair?

Little Imps of Gloryland with great big eyes
Follow me with questionings and laughter and
surprise;

Little cheeky pixie boys whom nothing can
suppress,

Whose pandects, codes and institutes are bound
in mother's "Yes."

When Uncle comes in Sunday clothes they
clamour to be kissed,

Black-currants sticking to each face and pan-
cakes in each fist.

Four fists that is, all over jam, and four black
sticky lips

Just come from playing motor-chairs and sailing
sofa-ships.

And if you wander on the lawn untended in the
dark

With tricycles and wheelbarrows your shins will
lose some bark!



WHISPER!

Someone smashed the photo-lady;

Who upset the pot of musk?

Was it Micky? Was it Padie

Hunting Micky in the dusk?

*For what's your talk of tidiness and putting
things "right there"
To little Boyo Browneyes and Billy Wirehair?*

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

*I'm picking up the channel or I'm trucking up
the slope,
I'm hauling on the shear-head with a length of
yellow rope;
No matter where I'm wandering, in dreaming or
in fact,
Wool-loaded down the blacksoil plains or past
the desert tract,
About the city clamorous with many brakes and
bells,
It takes no sweep of wizard wand nor moonlit
fairy spells
To bring me back to kitchen land, and whom do
I see there
But little Boyo Browneyes and Billy Wirehair!*



PEEP SONG

OH, Friday night's the laundry night,
Down the street in the dark—
And Saturday night's the picture night,
When bands play in the park.

But Sunday morning is the time
We do the pillow-peep,
To see what things the fairies brought
While two boys were asleep.



WHISPER!

In the after afternoons
When there comes big starey moons,
Often we've heard Micky playing
By the window, fairy tunes.
But I don't know what he's saying
In the after afternoons.



A MOUSE jumped into the watering-can
And peeped out of the spout,
And said: "If it wasn't for that young man
I'm sure I could get out!"

But Sufi sprang from an unknown spot,
And the two boys wondered, afraid,
When he carried the mouse to a garden plot
And played, and played, and played.

THE SKY IN THE POOL

*DOWN by the glassy pool
Sand and water meet,
There's a little wooden stool,
Marks of little feet.*

*When the broth was in the bowl,
Mother called to-day;
Mother called and no one came,
Someone was away.*

*Then there came a little boy,
Whose broth was very cool,
Stuttering in wonderment,
"The sky is in the pool!"*

*And mother wept, because the clear
Depths of all pool-skies,
The soul's wonder, the heart's fear,
Were gathered in his eyes.*



WHISPER!

Anyone seen Micky, say,
On the Coota-wattle perching?
He might know and run away
If he knows we're searching, searching.

NEELY LORST

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

THERE'S women and there's men as well and
little baby things,
And some haves only dresses on and some of 'em
haves wings,
They nibble dandelions for meat, they drink the
bubble frorf,
They never spill their cocoa-milk all down the
table-clorf,
They never cry because it hurts, they always eat
their brorf.



Last night we heard a trumpet in the tea-tree
down the street,
And Padie left the table that was full of things
to eat,
He galloped for the music that seemed not so far
away,
And neely found the fairies where the trumpet
used to play!

Our mother went and catched him and he neely
wasn't found,
He neely fell into the creek through looking
round and round.
A naughty sea-shell cutted him, he had a bleedy
toe,
He lorst one Sunday sandal and he didn't seem
to know;
He only stood and wondered why all fairies live
in moons,
And go home in the twilight with their trumpets
blowing tunes.



WHISPER!

When he talks to Bay and me.
Micky doesn't seem to know
It's too far for boys to see.
If he's in the trellis tree;
It's too damp for boys to go
Hunting in the grass below.



WHEN you're coming in the door,
Please come gently, very gently!
Micky might be on the floor!

Fact, he might be anywhere!
Near the hallstand, by the stair!
Hush! step gently, very gently!
When you're coming in the door.

Tip-toe, tip-toe, hush the noise,
There's a wide-eye-whisper tune!
Micky's making songs for boys
Sleepy after the afternoon.

Anyone seen Micky here?
Him that lives above the ceiling?
Sometimes far and sometimes near
Boys have heard his little squealing.

Hush you! Hush! I heard a patter
On the 'randah in the wet!
Now'n again we've heard him chatter,
But we've never seen him yet.

Tip-toe, tip-toe, through the house,
'Round the pantry, down the hall!
P'raps he's only just a mouse,
P'raps he's nuffing real at all.

Hush you! Hush! I think I hear
Just a little noise of humming!
If you see him waiting near,
Please don't whisper him we're coming.

Someone smashed the photo-lady;
Who upset the pot of musk?
Was it Micky? Was it Padie
Hunting Micky in the dusk?



WHISPER!

On the rafters in the night,
I've heard little footmarks trot;
And I watch the candle light,
Wondering if it's him or not.

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

In the after afternoons
When there comes big, starey moons,
Often we've heard Micky playing
By the window, fairy tunes;
But I don't know what he's saying
In the after afternoons.

Anyone seen Micky, say,
On the Coota-wattle perching?
He might know and run away
If he knows we're searching, searching.

When he talks to Bay and me,
Micky doesn't seem to know
It's too far for boys to see
If he's in the trellis tree;
It's too damp for boys to go
Hunting in the grass below.

On the rafters in the night
I've heard little footmarks trot;
And I watch the candle light,
Wondering if it's him or not.

Micky's always everywhere;
Watches children while they sleeping;
'Round about the attic stair
Sometimes mother saw him peeping.

Micky doesn't like much noise,
He's a wide-eye whisper fairy;
Very kind to girls and boys,
Very shy and most contrary.

Tip-toe, tip-toe! Hush the noise!
There's a wide-eye whisper tune!
Micky's telling songs to boys
Sleepy after the afternoon.



WHISPER!

Micky's always everywhere;
Watches children while they sleeping.
Round about the attic stair
Sometimes mother saw him peeping.

THE LADY NANCY



WHAT'S the gooder being good?
Always every day
Somefing comes and compradicks
Everyfing I play.

I was digging in the garden
And I digged me toe,
Why do I do that for?
I don't know!

Then I goes and chases Sufi,
Sufi won't be chased:
I falled over the wheelbarrow
And hurted all me waist.

I tooks me little pictures out
And laid them in a row,
I told the wind to stop away
And not come round and blow.

Up there comes a norful wind
And brushed the lot away:
Daddie, Gord's been 'noying me
All this day.



THE HANGING SWORD

*I USED to stride like a warrior
All hot for alarms, and game—
But I'm not the fellow I was before
The little babies came.*

*Now, furtive 'mid the city's noise,
I pause, I start, I flee!
For what would happen to my little boys
If a tram ran over me?*

WHISPER

Micky doesn't like much noise,
He's a wide-eye-whisper fairy,
Very kind to girls and boys,
Very shy and most contrary.

NONSENSE IMMORTAL

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

*FROM France or Spain or the Himalayas,
Out of the hearts of unknown loons,
In toothless mouths of old soothsayers,
On hairy lips of wandering players
Come the lullabies, come the croons.*

*Lords have lashed and poets have pondered,
Blood has flowed in the runnels deep,
Beacons have broken and faiths been squandered;
Through dank forests these songs have wandered
Quietly crooning our babes to sleep.*

*Grandmother melodies, grandmother fancies,
Crooned by the Oaxus ever endure!
Epics of valour and throne romances
Have much honour and take big chances,
But the clowns who sang for the babes are sure.*

*The goblin speaks while in old caves moulder
Priest-made destinies and lord-made law,
The goblin leered from the monarch's shoulder
And, his sight being true and his young heart
bolder,
'Twas only the goblin the baby saw!*

*So the god's death agonies are baby chatter!
A ball on the floor of the nursery room
The red earth rolls, for what can matter
If old John Spratt licks clean his platter
And the brown cows go to the broom?*



WHISPER!

*Tip-toe, tip-toe! Hush the noise!
There's a wide-eye-whisper tune!
Micky's telling songs to boys,
Sleepy after the afternoon.*

THE ROAD OF NOW AND THEN



TINKLE, tinkle go the bells,
King and prince and silver knight
March through stories grandma tells
When the winter fire's alight.

Down the Road of Stories ride
People who have never died;
Fairies float and trumpets blow,
Pretty soldiers fence and bow,
On the Road from Long Ago,
Long Ago till Now.

Johnnie Fawkner sailed a boat,
There's its picture in the book;
Roses, wreaths and banners float
'Round the head of Captain Cook.

In the time when knights were bold
Ladies rode with bells and chains,
Horses rugged in white and gold,
Feather-legged with plaited manes.

Singing, Watch Europa go,
Wearing thinner clothes than silk.
Riding from the cattle show
On her bull as white as milk.

Sturt he led a caravan,
Kelly made the bankers jump;
Leichardt was a camel-man
Riding on a camel-hump.

Down the Road of Stories march
Gentle-folk and bullock-men,
Cracking whips and wearing starch
On the Road of Now and Then



WHISPER!

When you're coming in the door
Please come gently, very gently!
Micky might be on the floor!
Fact, he might be anywhere!
Near the hallstand, by the stair!
Hush! step gently, very gently!
When you're coming in the door.



Down the Road of Stories go
 All the people that we know.
 Oh! what wonders grandmas show,
 Spectacles on brow,
 'Bout the Road from Long Ago,
 Long Ago, Long Ago,
 'Bout the Road from Long Ago,
 Long Ago till Now.

The
 Bay
 and
 Padie
 Book



SLEEP SONG

*Half-past bunny-time,
 'Possums by the moon;
 Tea and bread-and-honey time,
 Sleep-time soon.*

*Things that poets pant to see,
 The beautiful, the true,
 Are nothing to the phantasy
 The closed eyes view.*



WHISPER!

Tip-toe, Tip-toe, hush the noise,
 There's a wide-eye-whisper tune;
 Micky's making songs for boys;
 Sleepy after the afternoon.

KITCHEN LULLABY



STEADY in the kitchen, steady in the hall,
Don't let the dipper or the gruel pot fall!
The ole blind's flapping
And the little dog's snapping
At the butcher and the baker and the woodman
when they call.

Ssh! ssh! ssh! for the little boy peeping,
Ssh! ssh! ssh! did the milky make him start?
Little boy sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
Little boy sleeping at his mother's heart.

What a lot of noises, carts and buzzing flies!
Keep his little hands down, shut his little eyes;
For the boys are larking
And the dogs are barking
And he can't go to bye-low though he tries and
tries.

Ssh! ssh! ssh! for the little boy blinking,
Blinking at the fairies who are wanting him to
go;
Little boy thinking, thinking, thinking,
Little boy thinking if he will or no.

Rubs his little eye for to push the sleep away;
Better on the lawn is it? Watching spriggies
play?



Minahs and starlings,
But no such darlings
As the little boy that's never been to sleep this
day.

Ssh! ssh! ssh! for the big eyes gleaming,
Dee, dee, softly his mother sings;
Little boy dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Fluttering to bye-low on bull-fly wings.

WHISPER!

Anyone seen Micky here?
Him that lives above the ceiling.
Sometimes far and sometimes near,
Boys have heard his little squealing.

BARTER

*KIDDIES must have little shoes
Softly buckled round their toes,
Romper wrought in butcher blues,
That's the way the money goes.*

*In the Summer silky cool
Fabrics foaming in the breeze;
In the Winter muffling wool—
We must buy our kiddies these.*

*Woolly gaiters, tasselled hoods,
Mantles soft that flow and fall,
All the very best of foods,
All the very best of all.*

*Babies must have songs for sleep,
Anxious watchings night and day,
Kisses if they laugh or weep,
So the ripe hours rush away.*

*And for this we pay (it seems
We may not serve visions, too)
With our high neglected dreams,
With great things we meant to do.*

FATHER SONG

*THEY mean such a wonderful lot to me,
It's quite absurd how my soul is smitten
With Padie, who's four, and Bay, who's three,
And Sufi, a Persian kitten!*

*So mother must worry, and father must fuss,
But I'll fake these songs to a sadder version
When manhood steals the boys from us,
And the Bottle-o pinches the Persian!*

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book



WHISPER!

Hush, you, hush! I heard a patter
On the 'randah, in the wet!
Now 'n again, we've heard him chatter,
But we've never seen him yet.

SUNDAY DINNER

THE butcher comed and he bringed no meat,
But he crawled in the poultry pen,
And he putted his hand among they feet,
And catched the father hen.



He catched it as hard as anything,
But it didn't once crowed at all,
And he tied its feet with a bundle of string
And hanged it up on the wall.

And now and again its wings went flap,
But that didn't frighten me!
I runned for my little brother chap
To come outside and see.

The father hen's not crowing now,
The ittooest ittoo bit;
We're going to tell our father how
The butcher's hurted it!

Our father has mended the bathroom door
And the leg of the rocking chair:
He mended the fence long time before,
And he bought my horse some hair.

He made the bikes so they wouldn't squeal,
And he made the bunny to talk;
He hammered some tacks in the engine wheel
When the engine couldn't walk.

And he cured the teddy when it was dead,
And he mended the barrow for me—
So father will mend the rooster's head
Before he haves his tea.



WHISPER!

Tip-toe, tip-toe, through the house,
'Round the pantry, down the hall.
P'raps he's only just a mouse;
P'raps he's nuffing real at all.

THE CONCERT IN THE GARDEN

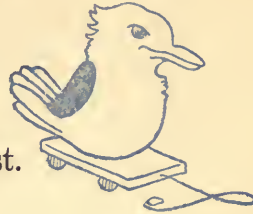
The
Bay
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Padie
Book

THE wheelbarrow wept to the willows
And Padie called out for a hymn:
He dabbled his boots on the pillows
And the minister looked quite grim.

While the Emu turned the pages
The Wallaby sang with zest,
Of the error in uncle's wages
While the chairs all turned to the West.

The Baker paused with a frigid stare
And his heels apart, of course;
And the shell-back sprang from his sunny lair
With his hand upon his horse.

The rooster's grandma nursed the cat,
Which uttered nor purr nor sound,
While the Platypus followed the Minister's hat
Around and round and round.



WHISPER!!!

SIT up in your beds and hark!
Something said "meow" in the dark!
Was it a gentleman saying some prayers?
Was it a mousie trapped under the stairs?
Was it a manager stealing some shares
Or a newspaper having a lark?
Sit up in your beds and hark!
Something said "meow" in the dark!
Would you your treasures securely keep,
Never turn lamps out and never go sleep.



WHISPER!

Hush, you! Hush! I think I hear
Just a little noise of humming!
If you see him waiting near
Please don't whisper him we're coming!

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

THE COMING OF BAY

BAY doesn't stay in the stars any more;
He didn't much cry nor care
When God pushed him out of a big star door
Into the everywhere.



I ringed him up on the telephone
And down he flied to me!
Didn't you know how Bay came home?
I got the push-cart, see?
And wheeled him in the front-yard door
Just one way and another,
I didn't make mud-marks on the floor,
Or scratch the paint on the front-way door,
'Cos I am a careful brother;
I putted him into the new white cot,
I covered him up till he grew quite hot,
And then called mother to see;
So Bay doesn't stay in the stars any more
But only with mother and me.

BABY SONG

*THE grandmas talked with worried eyes
And said it was a shame—
Nobody wanted Littley then
Before our Littley came.
Boyo's nose will be out of joint,
He's a toddling baby yet,
And now there's another one coming along,
Poor little pet!*



*But Littley rode through the storm of doubt
And the cloud of the troubled brow;
Nobody wanted Littley then—
But you should hear them now!*

WHISPER!

Someone smashed the photo-lady;
Who upset the pot of musk?
Was it Micky? Was it Padie
Hunting Micky in the dusk?

SOUL DISCIPLINE

*THEY say I'm a bad-tempered man,
And yet I never swear
When flop into my porridge
Comes a woolly Teddy Bear!*

*They say I'm an impatient man,
And yet I never shoot
When, after breakfasting, I find
Damp toffy in my boot!*

*And when my wife and my two sons
Are dutifully kissed,
I don't go crook if I'm called back
When Sufi has been missed!*

*I'm always on the scowl and quick
To censure or condemn;
But, somehow things seem different
With little boys like them.*

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book



WEEP SONG

STRIKE, strike, strike again,
Bump them on the head;
Every minute somebody,
Falls down dead.

Algernons and Berts
Washing out their shirts,
Babies in the bed
Crying for some bread.
Gentlemen with brains,
Looking for their trains.

Strike, strike, strike again,
Always on the head;
Every minute somebody
Drops down dead.



WHISPER!

In the after afternoons
When there comes big starey moons,
Often we've heard Micky playing
By the window, fairy tunes.
But I don't know what he's saying
In the after afternoons.



DID I hear the two boys say,
"Two boys have been good to-day?"

Santa's schooner's lost a sail,
Someone tore it with a nail,
What's that mark on Sufi's tail?

I dunno, da you?

Did boys eat they trifle slow

When they mother told them to?

I dunno, I dunno,

I dunno, da you?

Who's been cutting Sufi's hair?

There's a broken dish I see;

Padie, don't be hiding there,

Bring my slippers out to me.

Both boys have been good they say,

Only cried an ittoo bit;

Anyone been fighting Bay,

Two new scars since yesterday?

That was just a weeny hit,

'Cos he'd always want to sit

On the picture of the train

Just when I was reading it.

Two boys have been good again.

Two boys didn't do some more

What they were said not to do,

Two boys have been good it's true!

On the lawn's a splendid show,

Twenteen firewoods in a row!

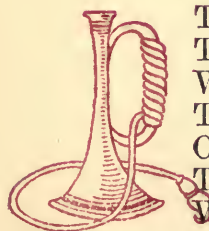
Where does this hand-mirror go?

I dunno, I dunno!

Wheelmarks on the front-room floor,

Sunday cake forks spread out too!

Mudprints on the kitchen door—



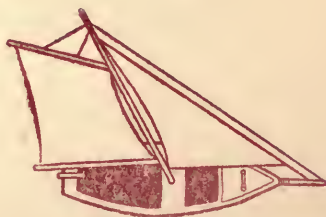
WHISPER!

Anyone seen Micky, say,

On the Coota-wattle perching?

He might know and run away

If he knows we're searching, searching.



Wonder how they got there for?
I dunno, I dunno,
I dunno, da you?

Did I hear the two boys say,
"Two boys have been good to-day?"
Why is mother worried so?
All these good things can't be true.
Have the boys been good who show
Scratches red and bruises blue?
I dunno, I dunno,
I dunno, da you?

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book



EVENTIDE

COME and have your bath, boys,
Two boys together,
Rolling on the lawn all day
In the dusty weather.
Padie, jump into the water,
Soak the brown legs white;
Come and have your bath, boys,
No heads to-night!

Boats to sail and feets to scrub,
Feets and faces too;
Sliding 'round the 'namel tub
Frowning soap at you;
Drop your scooter quick, Bay,
Everything's all right,
Didn't you hear mother say
No heads to-night?



WHISPER!

When he talks to Bay and me,
Micky doesn't seem to know
It's too far for boys to see,
If he's in the trellis tree;
It's too damp for boys to go
Hunting in the grass below.

THE ORDER OF THE BED



SAY about the Three Pigs,
And what the soldier said,
Wynken song and Tom, Tom,
And piggy-back to bed.

Little boys are sleepy, sleepy,
Never mind they prayers,
Let them wait for mother here,
Father's knees for chairs.
Sufi, singing like a kettle,
Or a nightingale,
Puts his nose against our toes
And smoothes them with his tail.

Here comes mother with the blankets
Bundled on her chest,
Holding them and folding them
For two boys' nest.
Boys washed and pillows patted,
Everything's all right,
Picture books to cuddoo up,
And please leave the light.

Hey Dee and Hey Ho!
And little Bo-Peep,
One story, two songs,
To make the boys asleep.
Say about Red Riding Hood
And what the Bunyip said,
Wynken song and Tom, Tom,
And piggy-back to bed.



WHISPER!

On the rafters in the night,
I've heard little footmarks trot;
And I watch the candle light,
Wondering if it's him or not.

"I D E A S "

The
Bay
and
Padie
Book

PLEASE can I have a light, mother?
I never know what to do
When the Three Bears ride on the White Bell-
horse,
And the Mermaid gallops to Banbury Cross,
And the Cheshire Cat says "Moo!"

Gnomes come round with prickly wings
And squeeze in under the clo's,
The dark gets full of story things,
The window-moon says "Fee, fo, fum!"
And the Pigs that went to market come
And nibble at my toes!

Two big eyes walk round the room,
Fierce Pirate Ships go by;
And Sleeping Beauty straddles a broom
And falls all down the sky;
The Man in the Moon waits underneath
And gobbles her up with great big teeth,
And that's what makes me cry!

The things you tell in the afternoon
Get mixed and won't come right;
"Fee-fo-fum!" says the Window-Moon—
It's the little candle they fear, mother,
Will you leave the candle here, mother?
Please can I have a light?



M O T H E R H O O D

*IT would appear that no great pleasures can be
Without their merit of trial and urgency:
For I do know a lady whose rare joys
Wake when she has tucked in two little boys.*



W H I S P E R !

Micky's always everywhere:
Watches children while they sleeping,
Round about the attic stairs
Sometimes mother saw him peeping.



TWO brown heads on the pillows white . . .
Bye . . . good-bye . . . that's all to-night.

Two bikes 'round in the picnic place . . .
Old horse tied to the apple-case.

Gentle Jesus . . . send the boys,
Bats and balls for they winter toys.

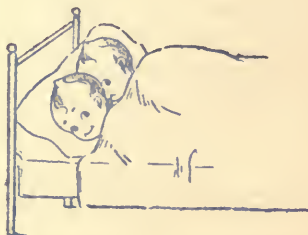
Sufi's naughty . . . not 'lowed out . . .
Pigeon feathers blowing about.

Two bikes 'round in the . . . two bikes 'round . . .
Feathers blowing . . . the scooter's found.

God bless Jesus . . . Bay's asleep . . .
Where's my pillow-book? . . . Soul to keep.

Two bikes . . . two . . . are the stars alight?
Bye . . . good-bye . . . that's all . . . t'night.

Two brown heads on the pillows deep,
Two boys mumble theyselves to sleep.



WHISPER!

Micky doesn't like much noise,
He's a wide-eye-whisper fairy,
Very kind to girls and boys,
Very shy and most contrary,



WHISPER!

Tip-toe, tip-toe! Hush the noise!
There's a wide-eye-whisper tune!
Micky's telling songs to boys,
Sleepy after the afternoon.

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